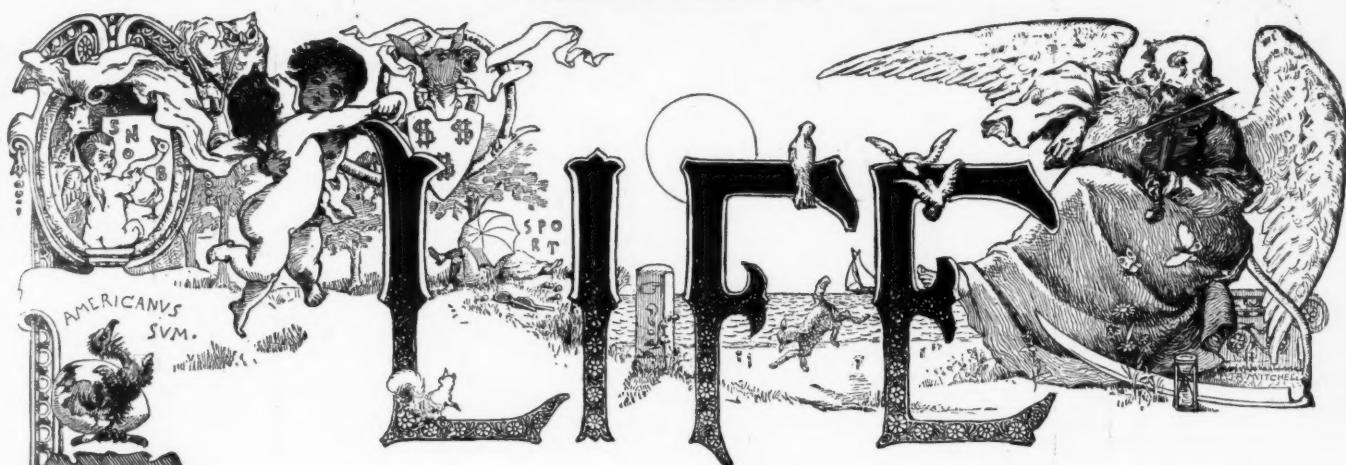


VOLUME XXXI.

NEW YORK, MARCH 3, 1898.

NUMBER 794.

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BEYOND THE STYX.

Mlle. d'Arc! I TRUST IT IS NOT TOO LATE, GENERAL, FOR CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR FÊTE. PERHAPS THE BEST I CAN WISH FOR BOTH OF US IS NOT TO BE WORKED QUITE SO HARD BY THE PUBLISHERS THIS COMING YEAR.



KE CARE OF YOUR TEETH

and they will help take care of your stomach.

THE ROPHYLACTIC TOOTH BRUSH

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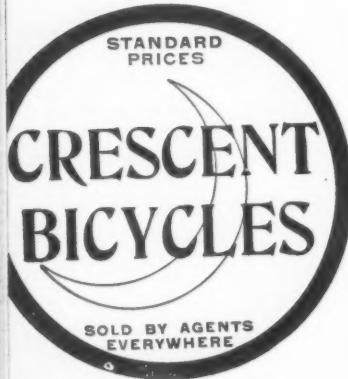
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WESTMINSTER
KENNEL CLUB.

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VERSES

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DOUBLEDAY & McClURE CO.
M DCCC XCVII

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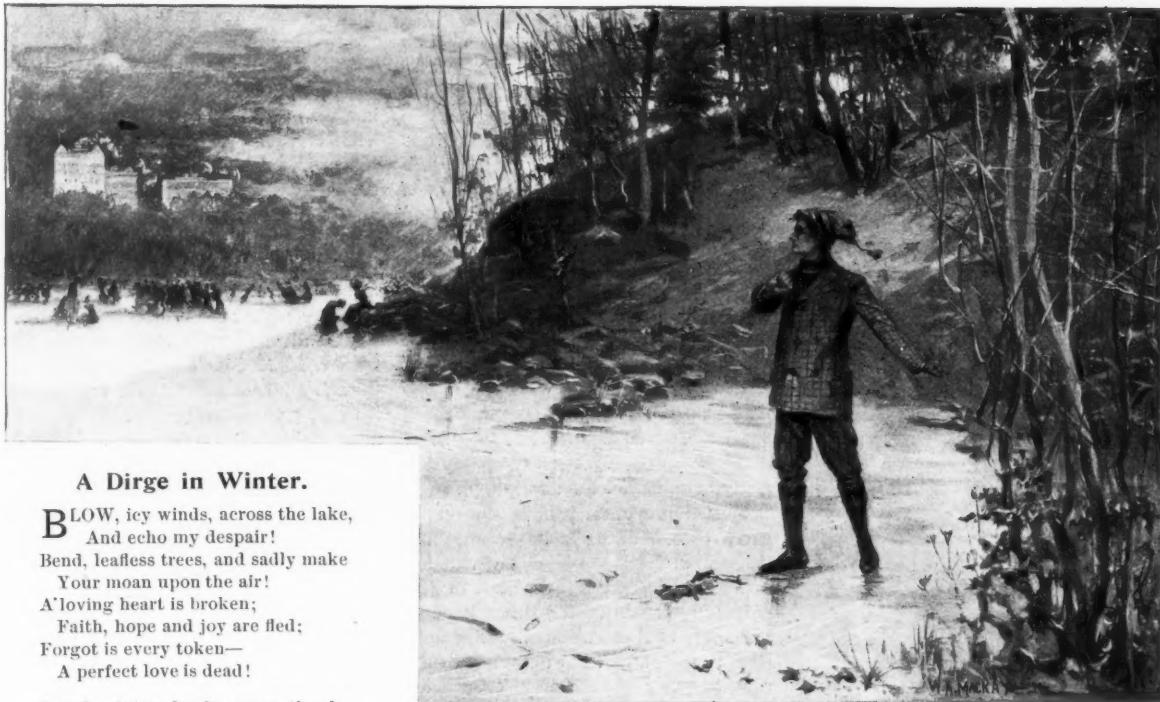
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LIFE.



A Dirge in Winter.

BLOW, icy winds, across the lake,
And echo my despair!
Bend, leafless trees, and sadly make
Your moan upon the air!
A loving heart is broken;
Faith, hope and joy are fled;
Forgot is every token—
A perfect love is dead!

Speed, wintry clouds, across the sky,
And in your maddest flight
Proclaim abroad her falsity,
And send the sable night.
Though smiles she on me still, oh!
I curse the cruel Fates,
For lo! another fellow
Is strapping Dolly's skates!

Richard Stillman Powell.

The Scribe and the Layman.

ONCE upon a time a scribe that was a newspaper man, and a layman, held converse the one with the other, and the scribe spoke with enthusiasm of the many inventions that had come about through the necessities of the newspaper. Now, be it said that the scribe was a blower. In this he differed from most scribes. And he said: "The newspaper had need to go quickly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and the steamboat and the locomotive engine were invented. It had need to hear quickly of that which happened, and the telegraph and the telephone were invented. It had need to get at inside facts, and the Roentgen ray

was invented. It had need of sensational news, and Dr. Schenck was—er—came to the rescue."

Then said the layman: "All these things that you say are indeed true, but there is one thing that the newspaper cannot accomplish: that men may be ubiquitous."

And the scribe said: "You speak as one without authority. Follow me, tell no man what you see, and I will show you that the newspaper has accomplished even that, though it were not meet that the world should know of it."

And the scribe took the layman up to the editorial rooms of his paper and showed him a marvelous sight.

Three correspondents sat at adjoining desks. And they were writing. And the first was writing from Berlin, and the second from Paris, and the third from London.

And the layman was astonished.

Charles Battell Loomis.

I T sometimes takes a lot of courage not to make explanations.

Out of Proportion.

IT is proposed to build a gate at Harvard in memory of Marshall Newell, a football hero, who was accidentally killed in a freight-yard at Springfield (Mass.) last December. It seems that Mr. Newell was a man of fine character, whose death is justly lamented. But a memorial gate in a college-yard is an extraordinary tribute, fit to be paid only to a man who was fortunate in his opportunities as well as lofty in his aims. A Harvard gate in memory of a Sumner, or a Lowell, or an Adams, would be appropriate, but have not the gentlemen who project so exceptional a tribute to Mr. Newell mislaid their sense of proportion? Football is a good game, but it is a game, and there is a limit to the renown that devotion to it can bring. Put up a tablet somewhere to Mr. Newell, or establish a fund in honor of him, but a gate is too great a monument.

A Limited Acquaintance.

"MAMMA, there are two persons I've never seen."
"Who are they, dear?"
"Why, God and 'Central.'"



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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THE Maine has blown up. Two hundred and sixty good men are dead in consequence, and only two men in America know how it happened. Both of these men are owners of newspapers. One of them has ascertained that a submarine mine did the business; the other knows that it was the result of Spanish treachery; the rest of us know nothing except that our sailors are dead and our ship rests on the bottom of Havana Harbor. We are sad over it. We want to know the truth about it as soon as it is obtainable. We are ready to be angry if anger is justifiable; to take vengeance if any vengeance is due; but we are not angry yet, because we have no right to be, and we don't want vengeance unless there is something to avenge.

They tell us that perhaps the Maine was blown up by explosives in her own magazines, ignited by heat from a fire in her coal-bunkers. We are told that fire-damp may have exploded in her bunkers, and that that may have set off her forward magazine. Men who know about the possibilities of explosions aboard warships have offered so many theories for our consideration that we begin to wonder that any warship continues afloat; and yet, in spite of all, the wonderful inopportune of the Maine's destruction in a harbor planted with explosives, and bordered by a population practically hostile, makes every theoretical explanation unconvincing. We feel as Captain Sigsbee feels. We don't want to surmise; we want to know. Perhaps before this issue of LIFE reaches its readers we shall know, or at least know something. But that is doubtful, and if full knowledge does come it is not at all sure to lead to any sort of satisfaction. For the

present, all we are sure of is that a disaster has overtaken us and left us mystified, perplexed, and sad at heart.



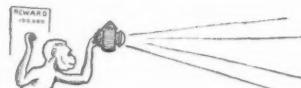
Maine, but the autopsy will be likely to tell us something, and until the Board of Inquiry makes its report our interest will not flag.



THERE are bright spots and dark spots on this startling page of current history. It happened, by the nature of the explosion, that the Captain of the Maine and nearly all her officers got off alive. We have especial reason to be thankful that Captain Sigsbee lived to send his message to the President, and to take charge of the wreck and promote the investigation. He has shown himself to be of the right temper and the right quality of mind to deal with a great emergency.

The Spanish officials in Havana and those in charge of the warship *Alfonso XII.* have behaved in a way that could not be reconciled to guilty foreknowledge of the Maine's fate. Their sympathy and ready help are not to be forgotten.

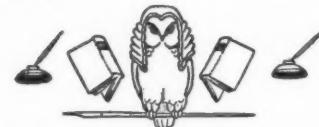
The conduct of the Administration has given us confidence in its firmness and wisdom, and Congress, as a whole, has acted wisely, though if the State of Illinois is proud of Senator Mason it has a monopoly of that sentiment. His ebullitions in the Senate, however, have their uses, and may be allowed to offset such remarks as Weyler's, to the effect that the trouble with the Maine was American indolence.



ON the other hand, our sensational penny papers have succumbed eagerly to the temptations naturally incident to their business. No false rumor has been too inflammatory for them to disseminate, no imputation too ill-timed or ill-founded for them to suggest. They have made a distinct advance in their progress from being a public nuisance to being public enemies.

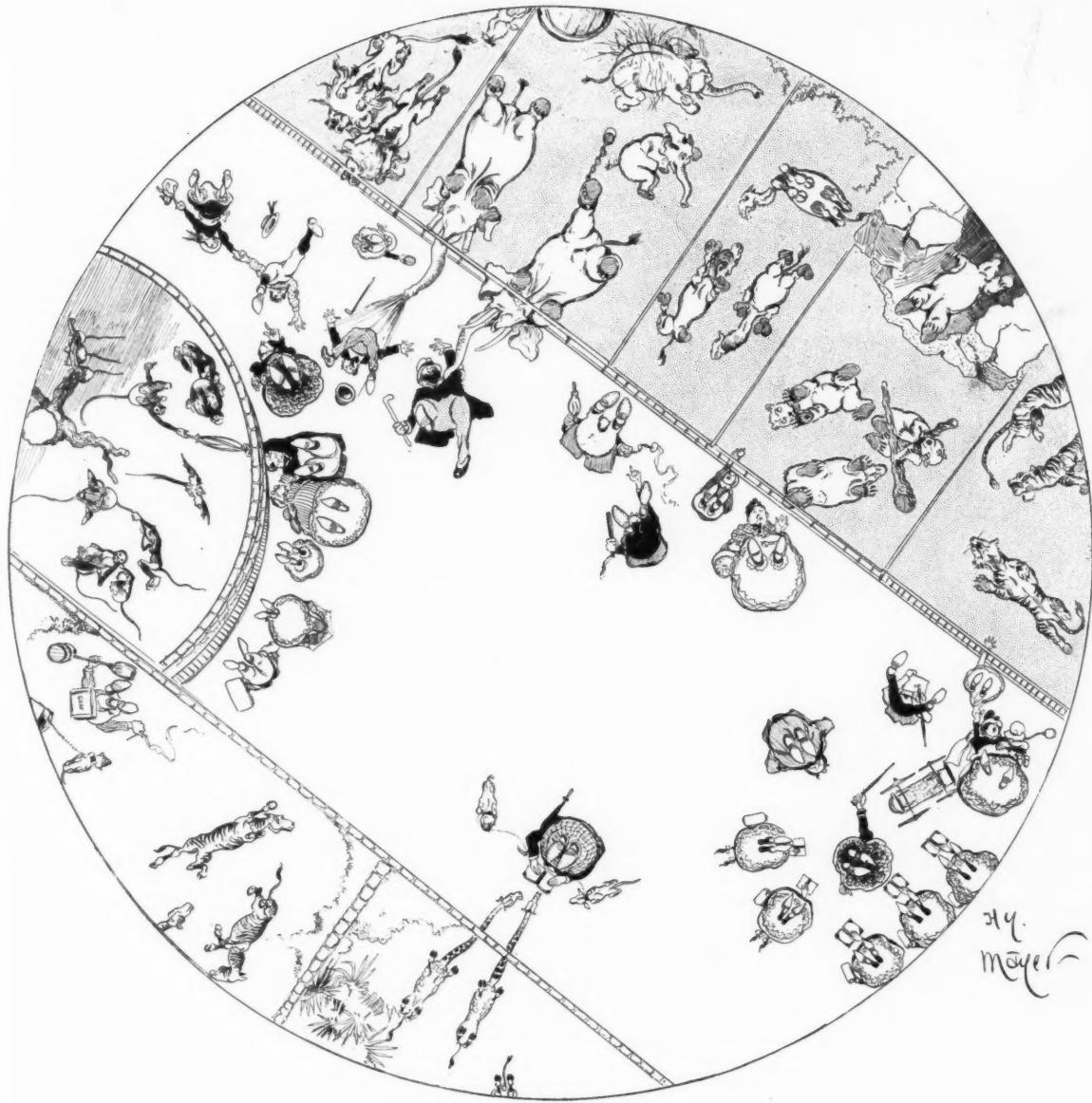
Other things have happened in the world since the Maine blew up, but none of us has taken much thought of them. At this writing the nine days' term which is allotted to a wonder is not yet up, but there is no prospect that this wonder will heed that traditional limit. We may never be sure what happened to the

AFTER all, Yale is to row Cornell this summer, and will join Harvard in a three-handed race at New London. That is well. The arrangement is for this year only, but there is a probability that after this year the meetings of Yale and Cornell, and of other college crews which have no preordained annual contests, may be simplified by the establishment of an American Henley. To insure the realization of this idea, a 'Varsity Challenge Cup has been contributed by Dr. L. L. Seaman, President of the Cornell Club of New York, who places it in the present keeping of the Cornell navy, to be defended against all comers. In regattas on the Henley plan not more than two crews row together, which does away with the difficulties which attend the arrangement of all races where more than two crews row abreast. It is very much to be hoped that this Henley plan may work. It would untangle some bad knots and abate many tribulations.



TWO interesting trials are at this writing nearing their close. One is Zola's. It has been followed in tolerably full cable reports by American newspaper-readers, and public opinion in this country is almost universally on Zola's side. His struggle, as we see it, has been that of a true patriot, to right a wrong done to an individual, and to upset a precedent most dangerous to the administration of justice in France. However his attempt turns out, Zola stands far higher in the estimation of Americans than he ever did before, and if he should be exiled from France he is welcome to come here and talk to us.

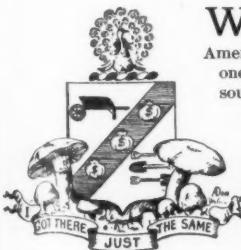
The other trial that interests us is that of Sheriff Martin, at Wilkesbarre. That the law shall be upheld and exact justice be done in that case is a matter of national importance.



WORM'S-EYE VIEWS OF US.
THE MENAGERIE.

As to Genealogy.

WE all know of the three brothers who came to America in the *Mayflower*, one of whom usually went south. There were some thousands of these brothers.



We all know of the noble families who came from the sauerkraut ranches of Holland to New Amsterdam and had large

farms on the Bowery, with colonial homes near the Battery.

We all know of the troops of younger sons of the gallant Cavaliers who settled in Virginia, and had broad plantations and armies of servants to till the soil, and who married the immediate descendants of Pocahontas.

From these we are descended.

We don't know of any other people who came to New England, New York or Virginia, and we doubt if there were such. It certainly cannot be proven to-day by the possession of spindle-legged tables, eight-day clocks, and Nuremberg hand-painted family portraits in two-inch gilt frames.

But what we want to know about our ancestry is something more than glittering generalities. Let us genealogize.

Thus we form a society to display which of us descend from those who were officers in the Revolution. There was one private soldier, and eleven of his widows are on to-day's pension list. This society is overlaid by another, composed of those descended from the bushwhackers of the colonial wars, and so on back until all our American ancestry is discreetly explored by the genealogist, with a probe in one hand and an extinguisher in the other.

But we must get back of America. As George III. said: "It is too fresh." Hence the

• LIFE •

WOMAN'S WAYS.



recent society for the Descendants of Kings. This is a step in the right direction, but it must fail in purpose. It can't be made sufficiently select, as anyone able to prove his ineligible would know more than is vouchsafed to human intelligence.

To explain. Each average American of to-day started out with a couple of parents, and these parents each began with the same incumbrances, hence, supposing that one's ancestors did not intermarry, each individual to-day, taking three generations to the century, had at the time of William the Norman over thirty-seven million ancestors, or in all, including that time, over sixty-seven millions. Some kings must have slipped in among these, in spite of the well-known antipathy of monarchs to get mixed up with the voters of a beastly republic.

It won't do to say that all one's ancestors were kings and emperors, for even William himself couldn't go back two generations without stumbling through a stable-door, but assuming a fair ration of what have passed current as such then and since, say with Charles V. and Soulouque at the extremities as to dignity, and Louis XIV. and the King of the Cannibal Islands as to gorgeous appointments, every man must necessarily have kingly blood in his veins unless all his forebears took superhuman precautions.

Therefore, it is now contemplated to get up a similar society which by its very nature must be perfectly exclusive, *recherché* and soul-satisfying. This is the ' Royal Association of American Descendants of Spinster Aunts of Reigning Sovereigns.'

The advantages are apparent. There have been so many mere kings and emperors who have left uncomfortably large and frequently duplicate families, that no really aristocratic American would care to mix with such hordes as their descendants have grown into; whereas comparatively few actually reigning sovereigns had spinster aunts at all, and even where such existed, the difficulty of proving direct descent from them would bar out the toiling masses. Where such descent could be distinctly shown, publication of it would probably be averted, thus giving the mere public—which came from decent parentage as regards the past, tries to mind its own business for the present, and hopes to go to Heaven for the future—a rest from the silly absurdity of trying to pick out a few elevated names for glorification and for vanity's sake from the ruck of saints and sinners, kings and peasants, titled ladies and scrubwomen, from whom each of us is unquestionably descended.

The emblem of the society will be a shield, *or*, with a mule rampant, *vert*, a thistle of the last barbed and seeded proper. Crest, a knave *winkant*. Motto, " *Nauti Progenetrix.*"

An Able Man.

"**Y**ES, sir. Bleeker would make money out of anything."

"Is he so lucky?"

"I should say so. Why, he married a penniless girl two years ago, and he got her a position that brings him in twelve hundred dollars a year."



BOOKISHNESS

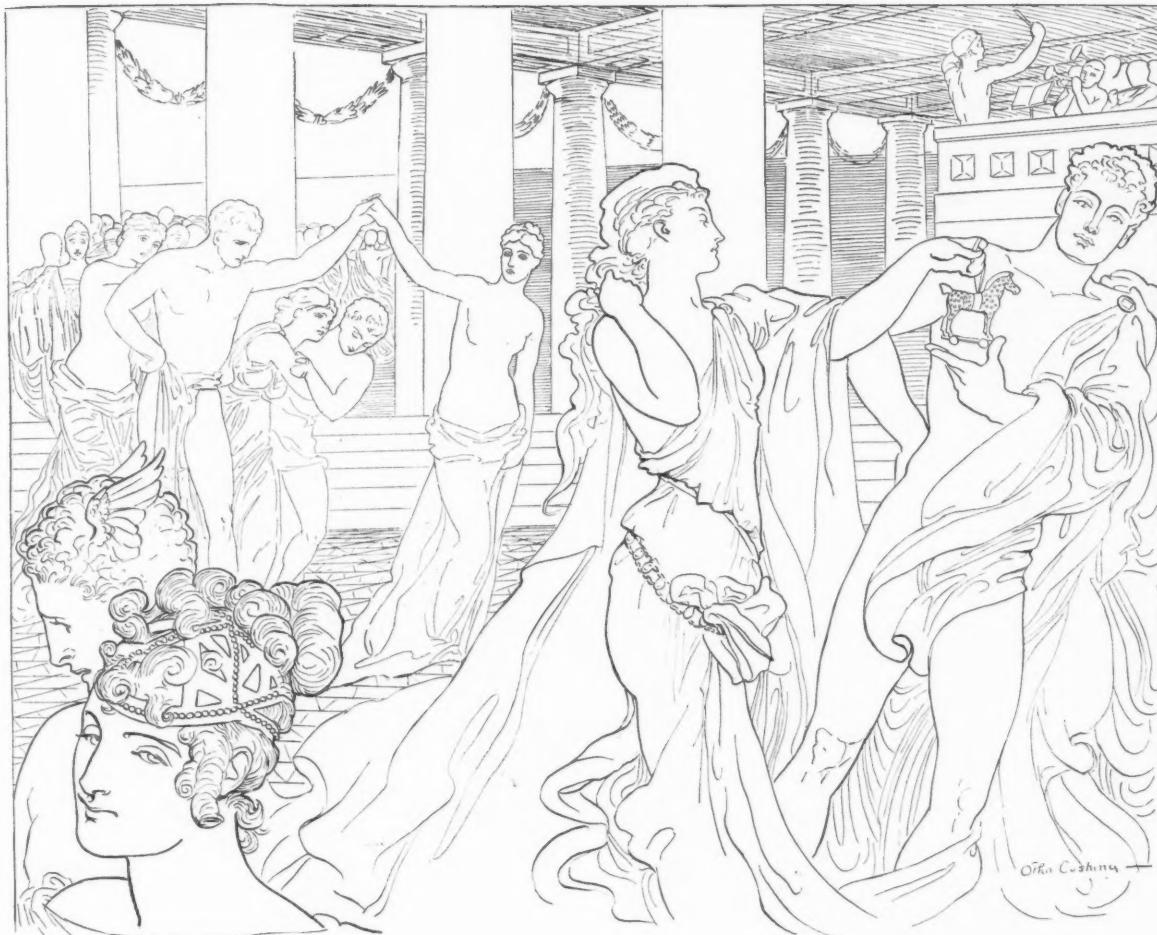
A Narragansett Widow in Poetry.

ELIA WHEELER WILCOX has emerged from comparative poetic quiet with a long narrative poem entitled "Three Women"—bound in passionate red and decorated with a gilt heart, pierced by a black dagger and dripping golden gore.

We have the author's sanction for saying that

"to unburden his bosom and pour His heart out on paper is the poet's relief, When drunk with life's rapture or sick with its grief."

A cursory reading of this poem convinces us that Mrs. Wilcox must have found it a great relief to get rid of it. There is an ocean of anguish bottled up in it—love that went wrong, misfit matrimonial ventures, and a Narragansett Pier widow who creates general havoc. The appearance of this lady on the beach in a white bathing suit,



OLYMPUS UP TO DATE.

THE COTILLION.

and her subsequent emergence from the sea half-drowned, are described in the luxurious language which has distinguished this author's best work. The widow's most remarkable quality is her astonishing self-possession when approached by her rescuer as she lies "like a wilted white rose on the waves." Although in momentary danger of collapse, she coolly remarks:

"I am wholly at home in the sea.
I knew all the arts of the swimmer, I thought,
But confess I was frightened when suddenly
caught
With a cramp in my knee at this distance
from shore."

The poetical value of knee cramps never found a better expression.

It was to be expected that a little episode like that could not keep the widow from the Casino at the fashionable hour. The hero was delighted to see her appear on time "in a close-fitting gown of black

cloth," which, the astute man knew at once, "never was made in New York." But he did not let that interfere with his infatuation, and we are told that

"he lived as the guest
Of one Mrs. Zoe Travers, who comes from the
West:
A widow, young, fair, well-connected. I hear
He followed her back to New York from the
Pier."

The moral of the whole poem seems to be that it is no use for mortal man to strive "to outwit the Great Cosmic Forces," particularly if one of them happens to be a Narragansett Widow. (Chicago: Conkey Co.)

* * *

ANOTHER American poet to whom LIFE has often alluded with pleasure—J. Gordon Coogler, of South Carolina—has recently put in one volume his "Complete Works." Among the new poems we notice one that hardly sustains Mr. Coogler's repu-

tation for Southern chivalry. It is addressed in scorn to a young woman who takes "More Care for the Neck than for the Intellect." The poet indignantly exclaims:

"would that you had given but half the care
To the training of your intellect and heart
As you have given to that spotless neck!"

Then he draws a gloomy picture of what Time has in store for her, and portrays her "With a standing collar 'round your wrinkled neck." To that horrible fate Mr. Coogler can safely leave her.

No critic need hesitate to freely praise this poet. He can't be spoiled by flattery, for he vigorously declares:

"You'll never see this head too large for my hat,
You may watch it and feel it as oft as you
choose;
But you'll learn, as millions of people have
learned,
Of my character and name through my
innocent muse."

Droch.

Too Soon to Tell.

GARGOYLE (back in town after a year's absence): When I went away, Jones and Brown were rival suitors for Miss Twitter's hand. Which proved to be the lucky man?

GLANDERS: Can't tell that yet. She married Brown only a month ago. Ask me again in about a year.

THREE are men that will stop at no wrong to make others do right.

Love and Hate.

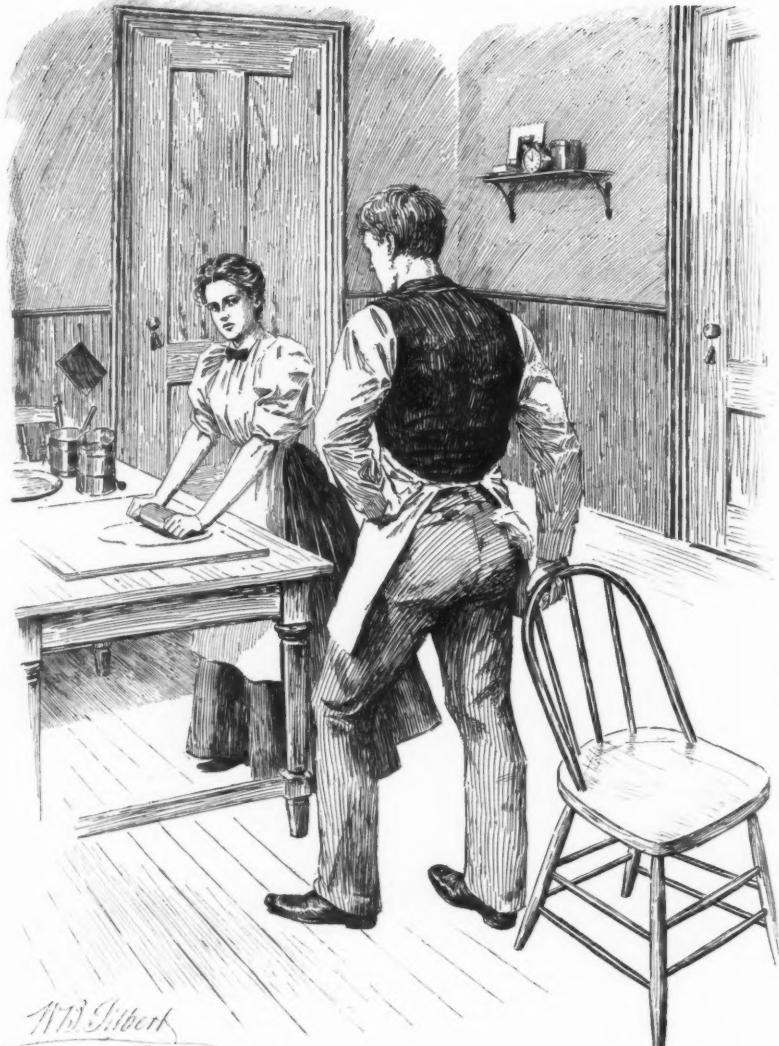
WHEN Love has turned to Hate,
He takes a valiant air;
He stalks among the high and great,
He frowns upon his fair.
His soul is fierce and hot,
His brow is stern and cold—
Ah! Hate is proud,
Though in its shroud
Lies the old passion disavowed.

When Love that once was Hate
Has turned to Love once more,
He's but a suppliant at the gate,
A beggar at the door.
A cringing thing, and poor,
That late with passion flamed—
Ah! Love that dies
Will never rise
With the old gladness in his eyes.

Henry Robinson Palmer.



"AN ELEPHANT ON HIS HANDS."



W.H. Gilbert

"HOW MANY MORE TIMES ARE YOU GOING TO ASK ME TO MARRY YOU?"
"ONCE OFTENER THAN YOU REFUSE."

Impassable.

THE decease of the Ellsworth anti-cartoon bill is reported. The esteemed New York *Sun* turned upon it during the last days of its existence, and sent Mr. Counselor Bartlett to Albany to speak against it. The bill was supposed to enjoy the favor of both Mr. Croker and Mr. Platt, and it is matter for speculation whether Mr. Platt withdrew his support from it and let the *Sun* loose, or the *Sun* turned itself loose irrespective of Mr. Platt's preferences. Anyhow, to kill it was a worthy job, though it was not a bill to be feared. In spite of the great abuses of the liberty of the press, no bill that aims to muzzle the press in the interest of the bosses is really dangerous.

Call It a Spade.

LADY MURRAY, an English philanthropist, proposes to establish on the Riviera a Home for Decayed Authors. The purpose is kind, but the name is ambiguous and too euphemistic. Be frank about it, Lady Murray, and call it by its true title—a Home for Rotten Writers.

An Unfailing Sign.

THE sure proof that you live in Brooklyn is the propensity to address letters to "Borough of Manhattan, New York City." There is no need to look at postmarks on letters so addressed.



Atlas: TAKE THE EARTH, GENTLEMEN, I GLADLY SURRENDER THE BURDEN.

• LIFE



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THE LATEST NO.

GIRLS, GIRLS, DON'T PRESS HIS GRACE! HE
WITH HIM IT IS PURELY A MAT-

LIFE •



LATEST NOBLEMAN.

HIS GRACE! HE CAN TAKE ONLY ONE OF YOU, AND
IS PURELY A MATTER OF BUSINESS



Just the Thing for Those Who Like It.

BEFORE the late Ward McAllister corralled 400 persons to be an American aristocracy, there used to exist a class known as the Upper Ten Thousand, to distinguish them from the lower ten million. The numerals and capitals are here used advisedly, as indicating the principal distinction which each class can claim to day.

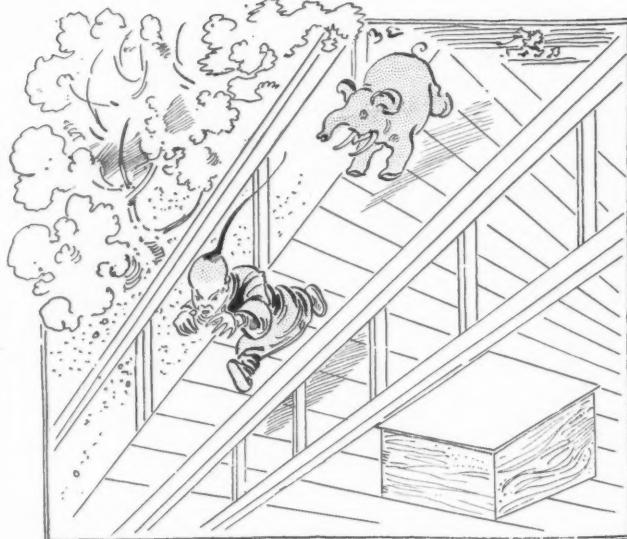
Unfortunately, we can make no such exact division of theatre-goers. It seems as though there were fewer than four hundred people interested in real stage art, fewer than ten thousand who know a good thing on the stage when they see it, and considerably more than ten million who are ready to patronize any attraction which is sufficiently tawdry or notorious.

To quite a number of these last, "A Normandy Wedding" is bound to appeal. Its musical score, by Mr. William Furst, is



"THE TIED IS OUT."

AN ORIENTAL CINCH.



stolen almost bodily from more talented composers, but the larceny is committed with good judgment in the way of tunefulness, so it is likely to please a large part of the public. As some one has cleverly said, it is strange that such a young man should write such old music. The adapters, Messrs. Goodwin and Byrne, have not lifted enough plot from the original authors to burden even the most unintelligent mind. The humorous dialogue they have doubtless supplied from their own resources. It shows a knowledge of Tenderloin slang and current peculiar stories which would do credit to that Mr. Gross whose fame rests on his well-known "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue."

It must not be taken from these statements that the piece is unattractive. Given a fair orchestra, burlesque actors not too far below the usual standard, costumes, scenery, lights, and,



*The new servant to His Lordship, who awaits arrival of an heir:
EVER GRACE, IT'S A LADYSHIP.*

above all, a female chorus with good looks, symmetry and sprightliness, and the Tenderloin public will make much of such material as is here described. In such a piece—which is called a comic opera, but isn't—the people in the leading parts are, to a large degree, responsible for its success or favor. Here two or three of them are really amusing. Mr. William Norris gives us something new in this style of entertainment—originality. Mr. Carroll gives us the conventional, hard-working comedian of the Wilson-Hopper-Daniels school. Miss Merri Osborne is not so silly as her name might imply, and, if she could prevail on the adapters to take some of the cheap toughness out of her lines, would be a beneficial sight for depressed people. Miss Mabel Bouton is pretty, graceful, and supplies a tremendous amount of vivacity. Miss Dorothy Morton's singing is all right, but she would appear to better advantage as the young bride if she took two courses—one under a teacher of acting and the other in Mr. William Muldoon's school for the reduction of superfluous adipose.

With proper elision, "A Normandy Wedding" will provide excellent amusement for the more than ten million who like this sort of thing.

Metcalfé.

Lost Opportunities.

A FEW generations ago there was a general impression that a man need not cease to be a gentleman on becoming an author; that publishing a book did not release him from the ordinary reserves and restraints of good breeding; and that it was as incumbent upon the man of letters as upon



the man of law to keep up the dignity of his profession. Indeed, in those unprogressive days it was thought that an author was read because he had something to say and knew how to say it, and a writer who had tried to increase the sale of his works by giving to the public intimate details of his private life would have been looked upon as a candidate either for the madhouse or for public contempt and social ostracism.

* * *

WE have gotten bravely over all that in these times. We know that the poet, like the politician, is in it for what he can make; that genius is a small matter compared with ingenuity in puffing oneself; that a writer, to be successful, must not shrink from any form of self-exhibition, and that advertising methods which would be looked upon as rather discreditable by barnstormers or vendors of patent medicines, are eminently proper for aspirants to literary fame.

In considering this change, it is sad to think of the opportunities lost through the prejudices of an earlier day. Scott might have made a colossal fortune by properly utilizing the loss of his old one; Shelley could have lived in comfort all his days on his expulsion from Oxford;



YES, THIS IS MOTHER AND DAUGHTER, BUT—

and Byron might have rivaled the Rothschilds by undertaking a reading tour through America. It is true that these worthies all gained certain unsubstantial rewards in the way of fame and enduring reputation, but they never got three hundred thousand dollars from the sale of a single book, or built a Geeba Castle out of the proceeds of their writings; and we know now, if they did not then, that money is the only true criterion of success in matters literary as well as commercial.

* * *

OF course there are no gains without some losses attached, and the gentlemen who sell their books by exploiting their private lives, or reap golden harvests by nightly exhibitions of themselves, must sacrifice sundry trifles in the way of delicacy, self-respect and devotion to art which their predecessors held dear. But *noblesse oblige* can be but a slender bond to one who is not of the *noblesse*, and the man who is cheerfully ready to give up these abstractions for the sake of what he can make out of them, is no doubt right in thinking that his claims to gentleness and literary dignity are worth far less than he gets for them.

M. K. Conyngton.

NAPOLEON made a great many men prominent—among others, the Duke of Wellington.



NOT AS YOU SUPPOSED.

An Elopement.

ON the hill by the wood the snowman stood,
Where the children that day had built him.
His legs were strong, though a trifle wrong,
And somewhat inclined to tilt him.
His eyes so bright were of anthracite,
But the fire in them could not melt him.



"She uttered no word."

His heart was brave, and ne'er misgave
Him when danger hovered o'er him,
For the weapon he bore, though a broom no more,
Would sweep all foes before him.
But alas! in his breast—I'm not in jest—
Was a cruel pain which tore him.

A maid of snow had caused his woe,
For, although he stood close beside her,
She uttered no word to show he was heard
When with questions of love he plied her.
And a shoulder cold she turned when he told
Of the dangers which might bide her.

Oh! would she not give him the right to live
As guardian brave of her honor?
And loudly he cried, "Oh! be my bride!"
But his words seemed lost upon her.
In the cold night breeze his heart did freeze,
For he would fain have won her.

Now the kindly moon, who in lovely June
Sheds her beams on many a lover,
In sorrow looked down on the maid's cold frown
And tried in vain to discover
If, hidden low, 'neath that breast of snow
Beat a heart which she tried to cover.

Then in pity for him her eyes grew dim.
While the children at home were sleeping,
Behind a cloud her head she bowed
And burst into violent weeping.
Oh! her hot tears fell over hill and dell,
And in long, sad streams went creeping.



"She buried her face on his shoulder."

A warm thrill ran through the big snowman
As his lady then grew bolder,
And running to him, her eyes aswim,
She buried her face on his shoulder
And begged him be glad, nor e'er again sad,
For she ne'er in her life would grow colder.

* * * * *

When night had fled, the children said
"There has been a change in the weather."
Then fast did go to their people of snow,
And there, near a clump of heather,
They found his gun, but neither one—
They had both run off together.

Grace Wickham Curran.



"They had both run off together."



AT KLONDIKE.

Miner: SAY, OLD MAN, I'LL GIVE YOU A GOLD BRICK FOR A CAN OF TOMATOES.

"NOT MUCH! TERMATERS IS RIZ."

The Science of the Laboratory.

HERE is an advocate of murder so blinded by the delights of vivisection that he honestly believed he was uttering a moral sentiment.

"The aim of science," says a scientific writer in the New York *Independent* of December, 1895, "is the advancement of human knowledge at any sacrifice of human life. If cats and guinea pigs can be put to any higher use than to advance science we do not know what it is. We do not know of any higher use we can put a man to. . . . A human life is nothing compared to a new fact."

Well, it is a moral sentiment for a vivisector.

All of which goes to prove that the step from torturing animals to killing humans is imperceptible.

Dr. Albert Leffingwell, not one of the "unscientific people," says "the old standards of right and wrong seem to be passing away. The vivisection of animals has been pushed to its utmost limits; there are no new torments to be devised; every conceivable phase of agony has been inflicted again and again."

Kind of looks, brothers, as if this kind of "science" wasn't a safe thing to lean on.

His Helpmate.

HE: Darling, I wanted to take you to the theatre to-night, but I felt that I couldn't afford it.

SHE: Never mind, dear. We can go to-morrow night.

LIFE.



A MOMENTOUS TOPIC.

(*Mrs. Simpson discovers a London label in Mr. Dingley's headwear.*)

'Tis quite the thing to estimate
The man by his attire.
My hoseless feet—oh, lucky fate!—
First made the crowd admire.
But though a contrast great it be,
I've just discovered that
To judge a man I want to see
The label in his hat.

Away with buttonhole bouquets,
Likewise Hyperion hair.
For all such whims have had their days;
No more they make us stare.
The coat, the trousers and the vest
Don't count. I tell you that
There's only one important test—
The label in the hat.

What though there's business to be done;
What though the public hopes
For some glad glow of reason's sun
In darkness where it gropes?
Let Congress with attention pause
While we in phrases pat
Discuss, mid humorous applause,
The label in the hat.

—*Washington Star.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

A COUNTRYMAN walked into a Western newspaper office to advertise the death of a relative. "What is your charge?" he asked of the clerk.

"We charge two dollars an inch."

"Oh!" said the countryman, "I can't afford that. My friend was six feet three inches."

—*Household Words.*

"BEASTLY nuisance, isn't it?" said a young man at a social gathering the other evening. "Spoke to that fellah over there—took him for a gentleman—and found he had a ribbon on his coat; some blooming head waiter, I suppose."

"Oh, no," replied the other; "that's Blank, the guest of the evening."

"Dash it all, now is it?" said the astonished swell. "Look here, old fellow, as you know everybody, would you mind sitting next me at dinner and telling me who everyone is?"

"Should like to very much," replied the other man. "but you see I cannot. I'm the blooming head waiter!"

—*Chicago Daily News.*

"WOULDN'T Your Majesty like to take out some life insurance?" respectfully asked the agent, on being admitted to the royal presence.

"I can't afford it," replied King Solomon. "It's about all I can do to look after my family while I'm alive."

Waving his hand to signify that the interview was ended, he turned to the speaking tube and ordered his steward to provide three hundred porterhouse steaks and seven hundred veal cutlets, breaded, with tomato sauce, for the family dinner.—*Detroit Journal.*

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skin. Those who
are so affected should
use only a Pure Soap.
99 $\frac{44}{100}$ per cent PURE.

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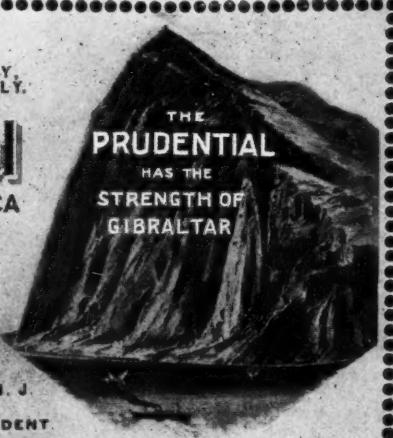
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Years of experience have verified the theory that a Cocktail made of the best materials and aged is infinitely better than those prepared as wanted. As a Cocktail is substantially a blend of different liquors, and as the oldest distillers are a unit in admitting that all blends improve with age, it must be accepted as a fact, ratified by the general experience of the trade, that an aged mixed drink of any kind is superior to one made as wanted. Cocktails as served over bars are made entirely by guess, while the Club Cocktails are aged all ready for use, and require only to be poured over cracked ice and strained off to be in perfect condition. They are made entirely by actual weight and measurement, and, admitting that the same quality of materials are used in both cases, the wholesale form of making must be the only way of getting Cocktails of uniform quality.

In the past the male sex were the only ones privileged to partake of that daintiest of American drinks, the "Cocktail." With the innovation of Club Cocktails it has been made possible for the gentler sex to satisfy its curiosity in regard to the concoction about which so much has been written and said, and which has heretofore not been obtainable by them.

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At all dealers of Sen-Sen perfume.
Good for Young and Old.
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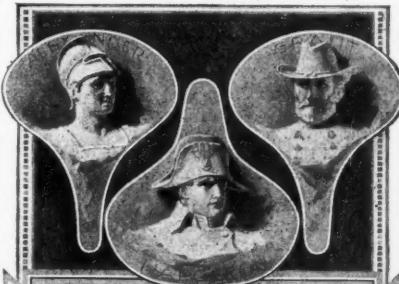
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LIFE.

DEBIT AND CREDIT.

"Let bygones be bygones," said she, after she had managed to quarrel with him on the way home from the circus.

He reflected awhile. "And is this the end?"

"It is, sir; all is over between us."

"Last Sunday night you said you loved me."

"I did then; I do not now."

"And you want bygones to be bygones?"

"Yes."

"Who's to pay for all the ice-cream—"

"Leave me, mercenary wretch! Name your price for your valuable services and I will see it paid."

Next morning's post brought her the following:

MISS SMITH TO MR. SIMPKINS, DR.

Dr.

To 6 rides, \$4 each.....	\$ 24 00
" 15 oyster soups at church festivals.....	7 50
" 15 suppers at church festivals, \$1 each.....	15 00
" 15 hacks at church festivals, \$1.50 each....	22 50
" 42 tickets to theatre.....	42 00
" Librettos (10), 25 cents.....	2 50
" Suit of clothes (per intimation).....	50 00
" Boots blacked, and shaved (say).....	20 00
" 46 broken promises.....	25
" 1 broken heart.....	500 00
" 60 ice-creams.....	15 00
" Raising my hopes, etc.....	5,000 00
" Firing me out after circus.....	1 20
Total	\$5,699 95
Cr.	
By going with another fellow (4).....	8 00
" Healing broken heart (3).....	45
" Hugging me (400).....	400 00
" Sitting on my lap (20).....	1,000 00
" Extinguishing hopes.....	75
" First kiss.....	2,000 00
" 220,000 kisses and hugs, 1c. each.	2,290 00
	\$5,699 95
Balance due.....	75
Total	\$5,699 95

Will call to-morrow night and collect balance due.

She met him at the door. "Come into the parlor, Chawley," she said, "and I'll pay you."

An hour afterward she was contracting a fresh debt at the ice-cream saloon near by.—*Exchange*.

ST. AUGUSTINE, PALM BEACH AND NASSAU.

The Florida East Coast Line announces a parlor car train will leave St. Augustine upon arrival of "New York & Florida Limited," via the Pennsylvania, Southern Ry. and F. C. & P. R. R., reaching Palm Beach at 10 p. m. The Florida Limited leaves New York daily, except Sunday, at 11.50 a. m., reaching St. Augustine following afternoon at 2.20 p. m. It is the most complete Pullman train that ever left New York for Florida. In addition, a Pullman Drawing-Room Sleeping Car is operated on same train, New York to Augusta, affording excellent facilities for reaching Aiken. For full particulars regarding Florida East Coast resorts and Nassau, call on or address Alex. S. Thewatt, Eastern Passenger Agt., 271 Broadway, New York City.

TENNYSON one day entered a club reading-room and sat down in a large armchair before the fire. Much to the amazement of the other occupants of the room, he proceeded to elevate his feet until they rested on the chimney-piece, in "real American" fashion. No expostulations on the part of his friends respecting the inelegance of the position were of the slightest avail. Suddenly a brilliant inspiration seized one of them. Going close to Lord Tennyson he whispered in his ear: "Take your feet down or they'll mistake you for Longfellow." In an instant the poet's boots were on the floor, and he assumed the ordinary position of an Englishman.—*Aryonaut*.

DR. NANSEN's impressions of Americans, as told to foreign interviewers, are not kindly. "I was bothered," he said, "by people wanting either handshake or hand-writing." He might have added: "But all I wanted of them was their money."—*Boston Journal*.

WEYLER (to De Lome): Old friend, I sympathize with you. I was in Cuba.

DE LOME: Man, your experience was tame. I was in the United States.—*Philadelphia North American*.

Prince of Wales's favorite wine,

de LOSSY - HOLDEN CHAMPAGNE.

YALE YARNS.

At the dinner of the Yale Alumni, held a few evenings since at Sherry's, one of the speakers told a couple of stories good enough to bear repetition here. He was referring to the absurd, though doubtless well-meant, attack made upon the New Haven University by the W. C. T. U.; but though he was not alone in the text of his discourse, he was in his stories—(as the late Billy Florence used to say)—"delightfully singular."

"The majority of Yale's maligants," he said, "are only fractions of men—and the recent graduates will not yet have forgotten that it is allowable to use that noun including both sexes. They always remind me of Curran's good-night to a committee from the Guild of London Tailors, who had entertained him at dinner. There were just eighteen of them present, and with the refrain in his heart that 'Robin Hood' has made so familiar, the joker remarked, 'Gentlemen, I bid you both good-night.'

"And then the serene credulity with which folks believe these impossible charges against the common sense of the American young man! It is like the first bank account ever kept by a gentleman (not present) who has since become one of New York's leading financiers. He was quite young when he was advised to open a bank account. 'It will be excellent training for you,' said his mentor, who was no less than a Governor of the State. The young man was duly impressed, and, meeting his friend a year later, thanked him warmly, saying that he had never in his life done anything so good as keeping that account. 'That's good,' said the Governor; 'it will teach you business habits and frugality.' 'Yes, I believe it will,' said the young man. 'The account is overdrawn just now, but I find it a great accommodation.'

No one can justly deny the wisdom of that advice, any more than one can fail to smile at the comical perverseness of it. The one lesson of these latter days, if among all that the age is teaching us there be one more prominent than another, is that the individual who would achieve anything worth achieving must train himself long and arduously for the work. Natural ability counts for a great deal, but the most transcendent ability with which this world was ever blest is not of itself enough, in the fierce competition of the day, to assure even moderate success without a severe course of training for the work in hand.

In athletics this truth is fully realized. No man enters a contest, no matter how great his natural strength, without long and careful preparation, for dexterity and knowledge are everywhere essential, and these traits seldom, if ever, "come by nature."

This holds true, too, in what are called the learned professions, only here the training is required by law, as it might well be in all pursuits. It all comes down to this, that in nothing can the raw, untrained man hope to compete with those of training, experience and preparation.

In almost every calling of civilized man, the most essential knowledge appertains to the proper use of money, for money is the means by which effort is transmuted into result. Of all the uses to which money can be put, none, in a business sense, is equal to the investment in a policy of life insurance. No possible financial training is better for a young man than that which is involved in being always ready to pay his premiums on time, the payment, moreover, being not an expenditure but an investment, and in that a twofold blessing.

Such training as this, a training that is purely and solely for one's own good, no matter in what light it be regarded—this training it is in the power of almost every man to enjoy. The papers this time of the year are making public the annual statements of the great life insurance companies, and it is possible, with an inconsiderable expenditure of time and trouble, to make such comparisons as will leave no doubt as to which company is the best. Such examination, if fairly made, cannot but result in according first place to The Mutual Life of New York—the oldest and in every sense of the word the greatest institution of its kind in the world. This great company to-day offers you the chance to make you own such benefits as are shared by the hundreds of thousands who have already joined its ranks. It invites you to call at once upon some one of its many representatives, or (if you prefer) to write direct to the home office for such further details as you may wish to learn.



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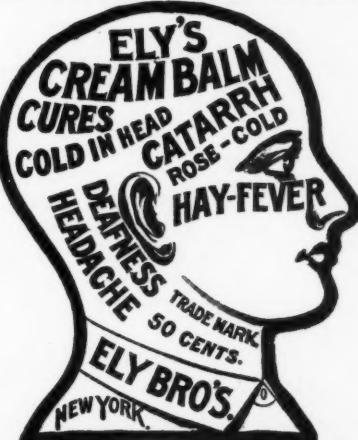
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NOW, I HOPE YOU'VE GIVEN ME A GOOD PART, MR. TATE.

Mr. T.: MY DEAR MISS PODGE, YOU HAVE ONE OF THE FATTEST PARTS IN THE PIECE!

(Miss Podge, whose knowledge of theatrical terms is limited, puts him down as a personal wretch at once.) —From Fun.

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All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it, especially those that know what's what.



1898
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Rambler
BICYCLES

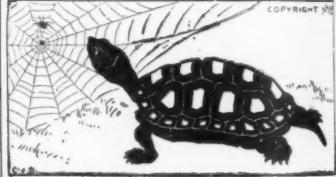
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